

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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WHOLE NO. 670.

## TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance; eleven copies for Thirty Dollars.  
Single copies, Ten Cents each.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.  
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The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.  
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.  
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.  
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.  
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.  
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.  
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

## Where's the Negro?

A Radical sheet, the Tamaqua Journal says:  
"We have had the Republican victory; now where's the Nigger?"  
Where's the Nigger? Can't you see him, feel him, smell him? The Bellefonte Watchman explains it all, and makes it wholly satisfactory. For instance:  
"Go to your store, and you get from eighteen to twenty-five cents worth of nigger in every yard of muslin you buy; from ten to fifteen cents worth of nigger in each barrel of flour your family consumes, twenty-five cents worth of nigger in each pound of coffee you purchase—from eight to twelve cents worth of nigger in every pound of sugar you buy to sweeten it; you'll find a small bit of nigger in your box of matches, and considerable nigger in your plug of tobacco. You can eat nothing, wear nothing, or have nothing, taste nothing, that is not more or less affected by the miserable niggerism that has controlled the country ever since the Black Republican party got it by the throat." Now you see it.

## Flies and Wounds.

James Jenkins, writing to the editor of the American Agriculturist, says: I noticed in your notes on farm operations for June, you recommend, where lambs have been castrated or hurt, and maggots have bred in the wound, to put on tar or turpentine. It is far better than either, to take the leaves of the common elder, and bruise them, fry them in lard, and apply the mixture. Let it melt and run into the wound, and every maggot will be off as soon as he can find a way out. It would do you good to see them coming out and tumbling off. This will save life, and heal the wound, when neither of the others will—and if put on when the wound is fresh, no fly will lay an egg about it.

We see it stated that a Fond du Lac (Wis) lawyer lately, in a fit of absence of mind, left his office, and locked the door, leaving his wife inside. After being away nearly a day, he suddenly thought where he had left his better half, and hastened to release her, but found she had extemporized an exit through the window, which was fortunately a low one, at the back of the building. This is not quite so bad as the story told of a Milwaukee lawyer, who is said to have locked another man's wife into his office, but in a fit of absence of mind forgot to leave himself!

Captain Charles A. Boutelle, of Augusta, Me., recovered a watch recently which was stolen from him six years ago in Liverpool, England. He was in a concert room at the time it was stolen, and immediately made the fact known to the detectives there, who, after six years, succeeded in finding it.

## Sugar-Making.

The following extract from Dana's Vacation Voyage to Cuba and Back, gives the uninitiated an insight into the mystery of making sugar: The cane is cut from the fields, by companies of men and women, working together, who use an instrument called a macete, which is something between a sword and a cleaver. Two blows with it cuts off the long leaves, and a third blow cuts off the stalk, near to the ground. At this work, the laborers move like reapers, in even lines, at stated distances. Before them is a field of dense, high-waving cane; and behind them, strewn wrecks of stalks and leaves. Near and in charge of the party, stands a driver, or more grandiloquently, a contra-mayoral, with the short, limber plantation whip, the badge of his office, under his arm. Ox-carts pass over the field, and are loaded with the cane, which they carry to the mill. The oxen are worked in the Spanish fashion, the yoke being strapped upon the head, close to the horns, instead of being hung round the neck, as with us, and are guided by goads, and by a rope attached to a ring through the nostril. At the mill, the cane is tipped from the cart into large piles, by the side of the platform. From these piles, it is placed carefully, by hand, lengthwise, in a long trough. This is made of slats, and moved by the power of the endless chain, connected with the engine. In this trough, it is carried between heavy, horizontal, cylindrical rollers, where it is crushed, its juice falling into receivers below, and the crushed cane passing off and falling into a pile on the other side. This crushed cane (bagzh) falling from between the rollers, is gathered into baskets, by men and women, who carry it on their heads into the fields, and spread it for drying. There it is watched and tended as carefully as new-mown grass in hay-making, and raked into cocks or winrows, on an alarm of rain. When dry it is placed under sheds for protection against wet. From the sheds and from the fields, it is loaded into carts and drawn to the furnace doors, into which it is thrown by negroes, who crowd it in by the armpits, and rake it about with long poles. Here it feeds the perpetual fires by which the steam is made, the machinery moved, and the cane-juice boiled. The care of the bagazo is an important part of the system; for if that becomes wet and fails, the fire must stop, or resort be had to wood, which is scarce and expensive. Thus, on one side of the rollers is the ceaseless current of fresh, full, juicy cane-stalks, just cut from the field; and on the other side is the crushed, mangled juiceless mass, drifting out at the drought, and fit only to be cast into the oven and burned. This is the way of the world, as it is the course of art. The cane is made to destroy itself. The ruined and corrupted furnish the fuel and fan the flame that lures on and draws in and crushes the fresh and wholesome; and the operation seems about as mechanical and unceasing in the one case as in the other.

From the rollers, the juice falls below into a large receiver, from which it flows into great open vats, called defecators. These defecators are heated by the exhaust steam of the engine, led through them in pipes. All the steam condensed forms water, which is returned warm into the boiler of the engine. In the defecators, as their name denotes, the scum of the juice is turned and purged off, so far as heat alone will do it. From the last defecator, the juice is passed through a trough into the first caldron. Of the caldrons, there is a series, or, as they call it, a train, through all which the juice must go. Each caldron is a large, deep, copper vat, heated very hot,

in which the juice seethes and boils. At each stands a strong negro, with long, heavy skimmer in hand, stirring the juice and skimming off the surface. This scum is collected and given to the hogs, or thrown upon the muck heap, and is said to be very fructifying. The juice is ladled from one caldron to the next, as fast as the office of each is finished. From the last caldron, where its complete crystallization is effected, it is transferred to coolers, which are large, shallow pans. When fully cooled it looks like brown sugar and molasses mixed. It is then shoveled from the coolers into hogsheads. These hogsheads have holes bored in their bottoms; and, to facilitate the drainage, strips of cane are placed in the hogshead, with their ends in these holes, and the hogshead is filled. The hogsheads are set on open frames, under which are copper receivers, on an inclined plane, to catch and carry off the drippings from the hogsheads. These drippings are molasses, which is collected and put into tight casks. When it is remembered that all this, in every stage, is going on at once, within the limits of the mill, it may well be supposed to present a busy scene. The smell of juice and of sugar vapor, in all its stages, is intense. The negroes fatten on it. The clank of the engine, the steady grind of the machines, and the high, wild cry of the negro at the caldron to the stokers at the furnace doors, as they chant out their directions or wants—now for more fire and now to scatter the fire—which must be heard above the din, "A-a-b-la A-a-b-la!" "E-e-cha canela!" "Pu-er-ta!" the gang at work filling the cane-troughs—all these make the first visit at the sugar-house, a strange experience.

## An Oil Story.

Sam Black, who owned a snug little farm, was somewhat startled one day by an offer of more than twice the worth of it in greenbacks. "Shall you sell the farm, Samuel?" asked his wife. "Certainly I shall, if the excited individuals don't back out, or prove to be a couple of escaped lunatics—as I half suppose them to be." And sell he did.

After the bargain was made, and the money paid, one of the men took Sam and his wife to the back of his farm, where there was a small excavation in the ground filled up by the recent rain.

"See what you've lost and we've gained!" said the excited individual, scooping up some of the water in an old tin cup and holding it up for their inspection.

Sure enough, the oil was half an inch thick on the top of the water. Sam was indignant. If he hadn't been a fool, as he said to his wife, and watched for indications, he might have died a millionaire. Sam's wife was bursting with laughter, but restrained herself. She coaxed her husband into the house, and told him the whole story.

"You remember when I had my cough last winter, and the doctor recommended cod liver oil, Sam, and you brought home a whole gallon because you got it cheap, and made me promise to take a dose three times a day? Well, I didn't, and it stood in the closet till I cleaned the house, when I threw it all into the hole at the foot of the garden."

Sam saw the joke, and pocketed the cream of it—in the shape of a pile of greenbacks. At the last accounts, Sam was living in clover, while the oil hunters were industriously boring—and may be until this time, for all we know.

A Western paper says that the grasshoppers have destroyed everything in the Deer Lodge Valley except the grass-widows.

## Temple of the Muses.

### THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Out upon Life's bounding billows  
Rides a tender little waif,  
Breasting all the hidden dangers,  
Will it reach its haven safe?  
Frail and tender as a blossom  
Sprung to life beneath the sun,  
Like the flower will it perish  
Ere the goal of life be won!

How the little craft is drifting  
Through the breakers' sullen roar,  
Silently and slowly onward  
To the far-off, heavenly shore  
Round its way the sunbeams linger,  
And the voices of the waves  
Sound within his heart the music  
Of the life he fears not to lose.

Clouds will intervene and lower  
Fall the storm-king's misty veil;  
Tender, trusting, bruised and bleeding,  
Is it wonder if he fail?  
See the bright eyes look appealing  
To the loving human heart;  
May they never dim with weeping  
While he takes in life his part!

Trusting little heart, and tender,  
Groping on thy worldly way,  
May no false hopes dim thy brightness,  
May'st thou reach the perfect day!  
Gliding down the stormy current,  
Threaten'd by the waves' wild roar,  
Guide him, Lord, unto thy haven,  
Thence to wander nevermore!

### Say a Kind Word When You Can.

What were life without some one to cheer us,  
Without a word or smile on our way,  
And a friend who is faithfully near us,  
When all but true friends are away?  
The bravest of spirits have often  
Half failed in the race that they ran,  
For a kind word, life's hardships to soften,  
So say a kind word when you can.

Each one of us owns to some falling,  
Though some may have more than the rest;  
But there's no good in heedlessly railing  
Against those that are striving their best.  
Remember a word spoke complaining,  
May blight every effort and plan,  
Which a kind one would in attaining,  
So say a kind word when you can.

Oh! say a kind word, then, whenever  
It will make a heart cheerful and glad,  
But chiefly—forget it, oh, never—  
To one that is hopeless and sad.  
For there is no word so easy in saying:  
So begin—if you haven't begun—  
And never in life be delaying  
To say a kind word when you can.

### Another Snake Story.

The Vicksburg Times, of the 19th, is responsible for the following:

Some flatboatmen at Milliken's bend, not long since, saw on the bank a long black snake lazily watching the gradually lengthening ridge of earth peculiar to the subsoil navigation of the mole.

The little burrower emerged at the root of a tree, and the snake with one lunge captured and swallowed him. The observers of this sad affair thought it was all over with poor mole, but nothing daunted, perhaps unaware of his perilous situation, he kept on scratching until he came out at the small end of the snake, who, feeling suddenly that he had been cheated of a square meal, turned and swallowed him again, with the same result as before.

The captain of the flatboat, in every respect a reliable gentleman, informs us this singular contest was continued for eight hours, with no variation, except that the mole, as he became better acquainted with the route, made faster time on his trips.

Finally, the snake, completely disgusted with the mole, allowed it to go on in peace, and dragging himself to a hickory tree, butted his brains out against the roots. On being opened, his "innards," from end to end, were found to be as slick and smooth as the inside of a lady's thimble.

THICK AND LONG.—"Why, man," said a boisterous counsel to a sailor witness, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long."

"Don't I, though?"  
"Explain it then!"  
"Well, you're plaguily thick-headed, but you ain't long headed, no how," said Jack.

## Curious Custom.

An intelligent gentleman, who has lately travelled in Palestine, gives a description of the curious scenes enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. He said that when you first entered the church, you would be surprised to see a party of soldiers, with their swords by their sides, and their guns stacked within reach. It seemed a sacrilege in such a holy place, and struck one rather unpleasantly. But he soon found out the necessity for it. According to the law of the country, every sect is allowed to worship there; and as it is considered equally sacred both by Christians and Mohammedans, all wish a time for their mode of worship. The law allows them an hour each. They commence at six in the morning. At that hour, those who have the first privilege enter, bringing with them whatever is necessary to conduct their particular religious rites. They go through their prayers and chants, and all is very quiet till about a quarter to seven, when those who have the privilege of the next hour begin to arrive. At first, all is decorum; but presently the new comers begin to hiss and mock. As their numbers increase, and they become stronger, they shove the crowd; and as the time lessens, they get more and more bold. A few minutes before seven they proceed to more forcible demonstrations. They think, if they can clear out these big phemers a few minutes before the time, they have done an equally good work. As some of these sects use torches, wax candles, staves or crooks, in their worship, they proceed to use these as weapons of offence or defence, and a regular melee ensues. Then come in the soldiers, who separate the combatants by filing in between them, turning out those whose hour is up, and leaving the place in possession of the last comers. If blood is shed the church is closed for the day. Such scenes are occurring all day long, and the presence of soldiers is therefore absolutely necessary.

A new way of keeping warm has been put in practice and with good effect. It is to have a buckwheat cake made large enough to cover the bed, like a quilt, and spread over it "piping hot" about the time of retiring. When made of proper thickness, it retains the heat until morning; and then if a person is too lazy to get up, he can make a very good breakfast by eating off the edges as he lies.

A French court has decided that when a railroad fails to transport passengers to a given point in a given time, by the breaking down of an engine or any other accident, the company is bound to pay the expenses of passengers who may adopt other means to reach their destination.

A western paper publishes the following marriage notice: "On horseback, November 18, 1866, by George Kinkade, Mr. William Bunyard, late a soldier of Merrill's Horse, and Miss Martha E. Price, all of Harrison county, Missouri."

A butcher in Milwaukee, killed a cow a few days since, and found a live mud turtle in her stomach. The shell was much eaten by the acid of the stomach, and the turtle lived but a few hours after its release.

Artemus Ward says there are no daily papers published in his town, but there is a ladies' sewing circle which answers the same purpose.

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way he is."

## An Exciting Spectacle.

One of the most marvelous sights ever witnessed, is a herd of wild horses, in full and fiery march along the pampas of South America. The tall grass, at the approach of thousands of eager and impetuous feet, heaves to and fro like the waves of the sea. Grand as a whirlwind, yet in the most regular order, the herd hurries on, their manes flowing like flags and the tails erect like banners. At the head of a vast triangle, gallops, as leader, guide, and champion, the strongest horse of the herd. Behind him, in lines mathematically straight—far more perfect and unbroken than those of a cavalry regiment—and gradually extending till they reach their extreme length, at the base of the triangle, come the rest of the host. The three sides of the triangle the most powerful horses occupy as a guard. In the middle, as most needing help and shelter, are the foals and their mothers; but still as a portion of the strictly symmetrical lines. This is beautiful, even if—apart from the splendor and the energy—there was nothing more than an illustration of the infallible geometry of instinct. The spectacle, however, has other admirers besides the *gaucho* and the traveler, as they rein in their steeds for a moment to gaze. Above, hover the loathsome vulture and the voracious urubú; and keeping pace with the mighty cohort of the wilderness, is the pitiless jaguar. Onward—ever onward—that cohort sweeps. But one of the weaklings, in the very heart of the triangle, stumbles and then another. Yet their more stalwart brethren pause not, even for an instant, to succor the unfortunate. Concerned only that the only line may not waver, they furiously trample on them, as if rejoicing to prepare a repast for the insatiable spoiler. What sin have the weaklings committed? The sin of being weaklings—the sin, of all things, which nature and man never pardon; the sin which enrages animals against those of their own kind, and which drive soldiers, at cities taken by assault, to expend all their vengeance and madness, not on such as, with stout hand and stout breast, still resist, but on women, on little children, and the aged; on the utterly defenceless.

CURE FOR CHOLERA.—All kinds of recipes are in circulation for the cure of cholera. Among them we notice that gum camphor dissolved in its own weight of alcohol, sixty degrees above proof, taken on lumps of sugar in doses of from six to twelve drops, according to the intensity of the attack, is recommended. A vial containing the solution may easily be carried in the pocket; of sixty cases mentioned in one hospital treated with the above recipe, not one proved fatal.—*Western Rural World.*

THE LAST VETO.—A Northern papersays that the reason why stars did not fall on the night of the 14th ult., was that President Johnson vetoed the display.

One-half the land in England, according to John Bright, is possessed by one hundred and fifty men. A large portion of Scotland is owned by ten or twelve men.

There is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry he ceases to be a fool.

"All flesh is grass," sighed Spodgers, after dinner one day, and immediately added: "Of all grasses give me a plump grass widow."

An unsocial Snarl says, love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

## We Receive Some Poetry.

Some apparently infatuated female has been addressing poetry to us. We received it through the Post Office this morning. It was written with much care, evidently, and folded up very neatly in a highly perfumed envelope. The inscription was written in a delicate hand—a hand to tie to, you bet! We are not much accustomed to fine hand writing, now-a-days, and we acknowledge that pulsation quickened as we hurriedly tore open the envelope. It was headed—"Lines addressed to—," and the first line was—

"I know it is no sin to love thee."  
Dear but infatuated madam, how do you know it ain't? How do you know but what we are the husband of six or eight child—; we mean the offspring of six or eight wi—; no, no, that is not what we want to say. How do you know we are not married and the unhappy father of an uninteresting progeny? If an enraged and formidable female calls upon you in the morning—we shall try and keep your poetry from her if possible, but can't promise—and demands an explanation, you mustn't be astonished. Remember we are wholly guiltless in the matter. We did not know you were going to do it. We never telegraphed you that it was "no sin to love" us, and never encouraged you to write us poetry about it. Not if we know it, we didn't, and we don't walk in our sleep a great deal.

Then the second line—

"My every thought with thee to roam."  
We are not going to Rome. We haven't time. Besides, if we did, we should be compelled to have our family along, and what with taking care of luggage for a dozen (and the most of them children,) and writing letters home—we should have thoughts enough of our own to look after, without adding "every thought" of yours to them. No, no, dear, but unknown, poetical friend, relinquish all thought of sending your thoughts—that is, every one of them, leaving yourself utterly thoughtless, which would cause you to be thought less of than you possibly can be now—to Rome with us. Better turn your thoughts to Petroleum, and thus run to Grease.

The last line of the closing stanza is very affecting. It affected us so much that we shed tears. Sympathetic and mysterious madam, have you ever shed? It says:

"For thy sake I'll suffer on."  
Don't do it, that's a good deal. There isn't the slightest necessity for it, and it won't do any good. We are not suffering for anything, and we don't want anything—that is, anybody suffering for us. Give up all thought of us, and if you must pour out your heart on note paper, pour it out to some one else. Above all, quit suffering.

THE HIGHEST AND THE LOWEST.—The highest salary paid in Massachusetts is \$15,000, and the man who gets it is the agent of the woolen mills at Newburyport.—The lowest is a Methodist preacher, who told the Boston folks that all he got for a year's work was a new hat and a barrel of apples!

A little girl in school being asked what a cataract or a waterfall was, she replied that it was hair flowing over something she didn't know what.

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

Recently a dense fog in London caused an almost total suspension of business.

The election of contrabands in Massachusetts exhibits a niggardly disposition.